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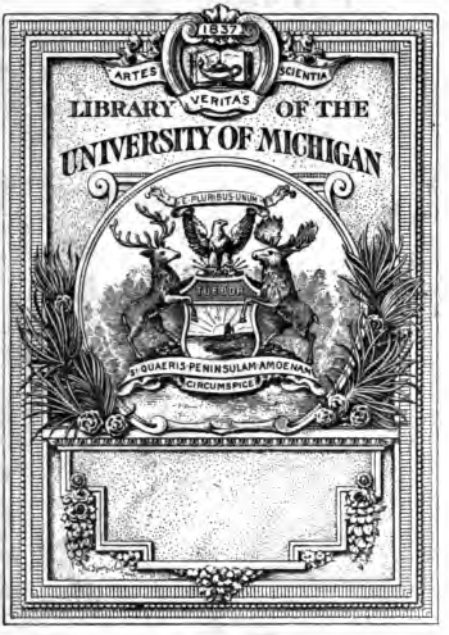
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POEMS OF THE LIFE BEYOND AND WITHIN

COMPILED BY

GILES B. STEBBINS


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POEMS

OF THE

LIFE BEYOND AND WITHIN.

VOICES FROM MANY LANDS AND CENTURIES, SAYING,
"MAN, THOU SHALT NEVER DIE."

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

GILES B. STEBBINS,
DETROIT, MICH.

"The spiritual world
Lies all about us, and its avenues
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms
That come and go; and we perceive them not,
Save by their influence, or when, at times,
A most mysterious Providence permits them
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes."

LONGFELLOW.

BOSTON:

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1877.

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Boston.

TO THE GROWING MULTITUDE

OF

THOUGHTFUL MEN AND WOMEN,

WHO FEEL AND KNOW THAT WE

STILL LIVE

BEYOND THE SEPARATION FROM OUR MORTAL FORMS, AND WHOSE SOULS LEAN OUT AND LISTEN TO

VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND,

This Compilation,

FROM THE POETIC INSPIRATIONS OF MANY CENTURIES AND OF DIFFERENT PEOPLES,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

THESE poems, from many lands and centuries, are selected and arranged with the hope that they may help to make still more clear and vital an abiding sense of the reality and nearness of the immortal life, and of the power and beauty of the spiritual life and light *within us*, — the truths of the soul. Here are the inspired and intuitive statements of the great fact of immortality, in words full of sweetness and glory and of a divine philosophy. They reach toward a larger ideal of existence here and hereafter, that shall meet the demands of reason, conscience, and intuition, be confirmed by experience, respond to our tenderest affections, satisfy our highest aspirations, and so light up our daily path that we may have more strength and wisdom, more truth and tenderness, for the conduct of life. They may give hope and cheer to the mournful and desponding by glimpses of the Better Land through the gates ajar, and voices from those "not lost, but gone before."

Strange that these great poets and teachers of humanity, whose rare words are immortal, should be ever looking beyond in their most inspired hours, if there be no life of the spirit there, — looking out into death and vacancy, and absorption of the individual into the whole, and yet, the

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more clear and intent their gaze, seeing there the more of light, and of individual and immortal life, hearing voices from a silent land!

Strange indeed that these gifted souls, true to their own intuitions, should so follow idle fancies, and sing their noblest songs in praise of empty delusions! Strangest of all, that the Divine Power should have made men to believe a lie, to believe it most in their highest moods, and to so persist in that belief, that it grows with the ages and the growth of man!

This can not be. The words gathered into these pages — a few pearls and gems from the rare treasures of four thousand years — all say, "Man, thou shalt never die!" in voices that thrill and uplift the spirit.

Of course, each poet clothes his thought in his own imagery. We may not accept all, but can see and feel the central and inspiring idea through the haze of varied temperament and education. We can see, too, the ideal of the life beyond grow and broaden, until, in the latest and most complete teachings, we reach the conception of an existence hereafter, beginning as we leave off here, going on amidst higher conditions and with larger powers, uplifting the weak, and enriching the poor in spirit, with endless scope for growth, for work, for useful activities, and helpful words and deeds. With this we find the real presence of the departed, the help of the spirit-world given to us here, the guardian care of our dear ones, manifesting themselves to us in accordance with spiritual laws, giving us the sweet and consoling fact of their spirit-presence, the experience of the senses to confirm the voice within.

In these days of "the potency of matter" and the teachings of a half-made-up science, — valuable yet imperfect,

as pointing to external and shifting substance as the *first thing*, and so leaving us in death and outer darkness at the grave, — this poetic assertion, from many ages, of the supremacy of the spirit, may be timely and needed. With a broader view, we shall still, and more than ever, so fashion our philosophy of life as to see that spirits build and materialize bodies; that the interior, the permanent, and invisible moulds and fashions, uses, and then lays aside, the outward and changeable forms of men and things; that spirit and body are interdependent, yet the spirit supreme and formative, and so its immortality but "the survival of the fittest" to assume a finer and fairer form in the Summer-Land.

The rare beauty of some of these noble poems should enlarge and enrich life; for we need such grand inspirations for spiritual health and culture. "Where there is no *vision*, the people perish," is a word to be remembered.

I have aimed to be catholic and impartial, and have gathered from ancient Hindostan, from Persia and Arabia, from Greece and Rome and Northern Europe, from the Catholic hymns of the middle ages, from early Protestant sources, and the great poets of the centuries in Europe, down to some of the best words of living men and women in our own and other countries, closing with inspired voices from the spirit-land. Whatever seemed best to illustrate and express the soul's aspiration for the life beyond, the vision of the spirit catching glimpses of the future, the spiritual wealth of the *life within* and its infinite relations, I have used, from whatever source it came. My task has been arduous, yet pleasant; and I hope many readers may be helped thereby to clearer light, to hope, and uplifting strength of soul.

I thankfully acknowledge the kindness of publishers and authors who have consented to the use of copyrighted poems. Osgood & Co., Hurd & Houghton, and Lippincott & Co., have thus favored me, among others; as have J. B. Ford & Co., from whose rich "Library of Poetry and Song" I have made selections. A collection by Rev. H. C. Fish, D.D., "Heaven in Song," I have found valuable; and some of the best contents of these pages have been gathered from newspapers and magazines. The dates of the older poems have been given when possible, with such brief notes as might help to a fuller comprehension of their meaning. With this brief explanation, the work is offered to the people.

GILES B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH., August, 1877.

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POEMS

OF THE

LIFE BEYOND AND WITHIN.

The World of Immortality.

Where glory never-fading is,
Where is the world of heavenly light,
The world of immortality,
The everlasting, — set me there!
Where Yama reigns, Vivasta's son,
In the immortal sphere of heaven bright,
Where those abounding waters flow, —
Oh, make me but immortal there!
Where there is freedom unrestrained,
Where the triple vault of heaven's in sight,
Where worlds of brightest glory are, —
Oh, make me but immortal there!

Where pleasures and enjoyments are,
Where bliss and raptures ne'er take flight,
Where all desires are satisfied, —
Oh, make me but immortal there!

HYMN FROM HINDOO VEDA, ABOUT 1800 B.C.
W. R. Alger's translation.

Translation of Ydishthira.

[In the Mahabharata, an old Hindoo poem still widely known, Ydishthira, a good and successful king, yet unsatisfied with his throne, sets out with his brothers and the fair Draupadi for Mt. Meru among the Himalayas, the heaven of Indra, god of light, to find rest and satisfaction. His companions fall on the way; and the poem closes with Indra's appearance, and the translation of Ydishthira to the Immortal Life.]

Lo! suddenly, with a sound which rang through heaven and earth,
Indra came riding on his chariot; and he cried to the king, "Ascend!"
Then indeed did the lord of justice look back to his fallen brothers,
And thus to Indra he spoke with a sorrowful heart:—
"Let my brothers, who yonder lie fallen, go with me:
Not even unto thy heaven would I enter, if they were not there.
And yon fair-faced daughter of a king, Draupadi the all-deserving,—

Let her, too, enter with us! O Indra, approve my prayer!"

INDRA.

"In heaven thou shalt find thy brothers: they are already there before thee;
There are they all with Draupadi. Weep not, then, O son of Bharata!
Thither are they entered, prince, having thrown away their mortal weeds;
But thou alone shalt enter, still wearing thy body of flesh.
Immortality and fellowship with me, and the height of joy and felicity, —
All these hast thou reached to-day."

(*Translation by Prof.* WILLIAMS, *from article in Westminster Review, in* ALGER'S *Oriental Poetry. Its probable date about B.C.* 800, *or earlier.*)

Valmiki.

VALMIKI early in the morning rose,
And, girding on his hermit garb of bark,
Repaired to where the smooth Tamasa flows,
As tints of dawn began the clouds to mark.
His dress laid off, he bathes himself with care,
Repeating softly many a Veda prayer.
He scoops the wave, slow pours it on the sods,
In memory of his ancestors and gods;
Then takes, with pure and cheerful mind, his way
To enter on the duties of the day.

(*Hindoo, Brahminical.* W. R. ALGER'S *translation. Valmiki was the reputed author of the Ramayana, an old Hindoo poem.*)

Welcome to Death.

If thou, O Death! a being art, draw near,
And let me clasp thee; for I hold thee dear.
I shall extort eternal life from thee:
Thou canst but snatch this worn-out dress from me.

OLD HINDOO OF VEDIC AGE.
Alger's translation.

God's Presence-Chamber within.

[By a Sufi poet. The Persian Sufis were a class of religious enthusiasts and thinkers, beginning in about the ninth century, and had many fine poets. These lines are translated by Prof. Falconer, and are from Alger's Oriental Poetry.]

Beats there a heart within that breast of thine?
Then compass reverently its sacred shrine;
For the true spiritual Caaba is the heart,
And no proud pile of monumental art.
When God ordained the pilgrim rite, that sign
Was meant to lead thy thoughts to things divine.
A thousand times *he* treads that round in vain
Who e'en one human heart would idly pain.
God spurns the riches of a thousand coffers,
And says, "My chosen is he his heart who offers.
No gold nor silver seek I, but above
All gifts the heart, and buy it with my love:
Yea, one sad, contrite heart, which men despise,
More than my throne and fixed decree I prize."
Then think not lowly of thy heart, though lowly;
For holy is it, and there dwells the Holy.
God's presence-chamber is the human breast:
Ah! happy he whose heart holds such a guest.

The Ninth Paradise.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises:
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in the Paradises;
But Blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in the Paradises;
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Rather, O man! want those eight Paradises
Than be without the ninth one in thy breast.
Given to thee are those eight Paradises
When thou the ninth one hath within thy breast.

FROM THE ARABIC.
W. R. Alger's translation.

A Vision of Achilles. — Patroclus.

[A vision and a prophecy. After the death of his friend Patroclus, slain in battle before the walls of Troy by Hector, Achilles sees Patroclus, and is told of his own death in battle.]

"When slumber, bringing respite from his cares,
Came softly and infolded him . . .
The soul of his poor friend Patroclus came,
Like him in all things, — stature, beautiful eyes,
And voice, and garments which he wore in life.
Beside his head the vision stood, and spake: —
"Achilles, sleepest thou, forgetting me?
Never of me unmindful in my life,
Thou dost neglect me dead. Oh! bury me
Quickly, and give me entrance through the gates
Of Hades; for the souls, the forms of those
Who live no more, repulse me, suffering not
That I should join their company beyond
The river; and I now must wander round
The spacious portals of the House of Death.
Give me thy hand, I pray; for nevermore
Shall I return to earth, when once the fire
Shall have consumed me. . . .

Thou too, O godlike man! wilt fall beneath
The ramparts of the noble sons of Troy.
Yet this I ask, and, if thou wilt obey,
This I command thee, — not to let my bones
Be laid apart from thine. As we were reared
Under thy roof together . . . . .
. . . . . so at last
May one receptacle, the golden vase
Given by thy gracious mother, hold our bones!"

The swift Achilles answered, "O most loved
And honored! wherefore art thou come? and why
Dost thou command me thus? I shall fulfill
Obediently thy wish; yet draw thou near,
And let us give at least a brief embrace,
And so indulge our grief." He said, and stretched
His longing arms to clasp the shade. In vain:
Away like smoke it went. . . . . .
. . . . . Achilles sprang upright,
Astonished, clapped his hands, and sadly said, —
"Surely there dwell within the realms below
Both soul and form, though bodiless. All night
Hath stood the spirit of my hapless friend
Patroclus near me, sad and sorrowful,
And asking many duties at my hands,
A marvelous semblance of the living man."

HOMER'S ILIAD, B.C. 950.
Translation of W.C. Bryant.

The Guards of Man.

Invisible, the gods are ever nigh,
Pass through our midst, and bend the all-seeing eye.
The men who grind the poor, who wrest the right,
Awless of Heaven's revenge, stand naked in their sight;
For thrice ten thousand holy demons rove
This breathing world, the delegates of Jove.
Guardians of man, their glance alike surveys
The upright judgments and the unrighteous ways.

Of buried seers of the past he says, —

When earth's dark womb had closed this race around,
High Jove, as demons, raised them from the ground,
Earth-wandering spirits that their charge began
The ministers of good, the guards of man.

Mantling with mist the darkened air, they glide,
And compass earth, and pass on every side;
Kingly their state, and delegates of Heaven;
By their vicarious hands prosperity is given.

HESIOD, B.C. 900.

Translated by Charles A. Elton, London, Eng., 1806.

Soul and Body.

PERMIT, then, that the dead
Be in the earth entombed. Each various part
That constitutes the frame of man returns
Whence it was taken, — to the ethereal sky
The soul; the body to its earth: of all,
Naught save this breathing space of life our own.
The earth, then, which sustained it when alive,
Ought to receive it dead.

EURIPIDES, B.C. 450.

The Shade of Hector.

[In the Æneid of Virgil (Dryden's translation), after Troy is captured by the Greeks, Æneas of Troy sees the ghost of Hector, — the city's great hero and defender, slain in the conflict, — who advises him to go to a strange land, and found a new city, as he did afterwards.]

'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toil, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seemed, and bathed in tears,
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragged him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Through the bored holes, his body black with dust.
Unlike that Hector who returned from toils
Of war triumphant, in Acadian spoils;
Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launched against their navy Phrygian fire.
His head and beard stood stiffened with his gore;
And all the wounds he for his country bore

Now streamed afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And while my trance continued thus began: —
"O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late returned to our defense?"

. . . . . .

To this the specter no reply did frame,
But answered to the cause for which he came;
And, groaning at the bottom of his breast,
This warning in these mournful words exprest: —
"O goddess-born! escape by timely flight
The flames and horrors of this fearful night.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods, companions of thy fate:
From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect."

About 30 B.C.

Hymn to Zeus.

Most glorious of the immortal powers above!
O thou of many names! mysterious Jove!
For evermore Almighty! Nature's source!
That govern'st all things in their ordered course!
All hail to thee! since, innocent of blame,
E'en mortal creatures may address thy name;
For all that breathe, and creep the lowly earth,
Echo thy being with reflected birth.
Thee will I sing, thy strength for aye resound.
The universe, that rolls this globe around,
Moves wheresoe'er thy plastic influence guides,
And ductile owns the God whose arm presides.
The lightnings are thy ministers of ire,
The double-forked and ever-living fire:
In thy unconquerable hands they glow;
And at the flash all Nature quakes below.
Thus, thunder-armed, thou dost creation draw
To one immense, inevitable law;
And with the various mass of breathing souls
Thy power is mingled, and thy spirit rolls.

Dread genius of creation! all things bow
To thee; the universal monarch thou;
Nor aught is done without thy wise control,
On earth, or sea, or round the ethereal pole,
Save when the wicked, in their frenzy blind,
Act o'er the follies of a senseless mind.
Thou curb'st the excess. Confusion to thy sight
Moves regular; the unlovely scene is bright.
Thy hand, educing good from evil, brings
To one apt harmony the strife of things.
One ever-during law still binds the whole,
Though shunned, resisted, by the sinner's soul.
Wretches! while still they course the glittering prize,
The law of God eludes their ears and eyes.
Life, then, were virtue, did they this obey;
But wide from life's chief good they headlong stray.
Now glory's arduous toils the breast inflame;
Now avarice thirsts, insensible of shame;
Now sloth unnerves them in voluptuous ease,
And the sweet pleasures of the body please.
With eager haste they rush the gulf within,
And their whole souls are centered in their sin.
But O great Jove! by whom all good is given,
Dweller with lightnings, and the clouds of heaven,
Save from their dreadful error lost mankind!
Father, disperse these shadows of the mind!

Give them thy pure and righteous law to know,
Wherewith thy justice governs all below.
Thus honored by the knowledge of thy way,
Shall men that honor to thyself repay;
And bid thy mighty work in praises ring,
As well befits a mortal's lips to sing:
More blest nor men nor heavenly powers can be
Than when their songs are of thy law and thee.

CLEANTHES, 300 B.C., GREECE.

The Dying Poet.

[The following lines, from the writings of a Persian poet of the twelfth century, were uttered at the moment when death was about to darken the windows of his earthly habitation; and must, even after the lapse of seven centuries, find an echo in every heart.]

Tell thou to my friends when, weeping,
They my words descry:
Here you find my body sleeping;
But it is not I.

Now in life immortal hovering,
Far away I roam:
This was but my house, my covering;
'Tis no more my home.

This was but the cage that bound me;
I, the bird, have flown:
This was but the shell around me;
I, the pearl, am gone.

Over me, as over treasure,
Had a spell been cast:
God hath spoken at his pleasure;
I am free at last.

Thanks and praise to Him be given
Who has set me free:
Now for evermore in heaven
Shall my dwelling be.

There I stand, His face beholding,
With the saints in light;
Present, future, past, unfolding
In that radiance bright.

Toiling through the plain, I leave you;
I have journeyed on.
From your tents why should it grieve you,
Friends, to find me gone?

Let the house forsaken perish;
Let the shell decay;
Break the cage, destroy the garments:
I am far away.

Call not this my death, I pray you:
'Tis my life of life,
Goal of all my weary wanderings,
End of all my strife.

Think of God with love for ever,
Know his name is love;
Come to him, distrust him never:
He rewards above.

I behold each deathless spirit;
All your ways I view:
Lo! the portion I inherit
Is reserved for you.

Abdallah's Message from Paradise.

He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends:—
Faithful friends, it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead,"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears;
I can hear your sighs and prayers:
Yet I smile, and whisper this:—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends, what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave
Is a hut which I am quitting;
Is a garment no more fitting;
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.

Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends, be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl has gone:
The shell is broken, it lies there:
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury, —
A mind that loved him: let it lie;
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends:
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,

Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you,
But in the light ye cannot see
Of undisturbed felicity, —
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! But not farewell:
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain, —
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death, — for death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above:
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!

La-il Allah! Allah la!
O Love divine! O Love alway!
He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

FROM THE ARABIC.
Translated by Rev. G. H. Houghton.

Scandinavian Eddas.

[From Norse mythology, by R. B. Anderson, professor of Scandinavian languages in Wisconsin University, are extracted these fragments of the Eddas, ancient writings collected in the twelfth century.]

REGENERATION.

All men have perished in the fire that consumed heaven and earth. Do they live? The Vala, or prophetess, says, —

She sees arise
The second time,
From the sea, the earth
Completely green;
Cascades do fall;
The eagle soars,
From lofty mounts
Pursues its prey.

The gods convene
On Ida's plains,

And talk of the wonderful
Midgard-serpent;
They call to mind
The Fenris wolf,
And the ancient runes
Of the mighty Odin.

Then again
The wonderful
Golden tablets
Are found in the grass:
In Time's morning,
The leader of the gods
And Odin's race
Possessed them.

The fields unsown
Yield their growth;
All ills cease;
Hoder and Balder,
Those heavenly gods,
Dwell together in Odin's halls.
Conceive ye this, or not?

A woman, Lif (life), a man, Lifthraser, hid in a forest, survive the great fire; and their children spread over the earth. A Vala says, —

Sees a hall named Grimle:
It outshines the sun;
Of gold its roof;
It stands in heaven:
The virtuous there
Shall always dwell,
And evermore
Delights enjoy.

Music to the Departed Souls.

Now, children, lay us in two lofty graves
Down by the sea-shore, near the deep-blue waves:
Their sound shall to our souls be music sweet,
Singing our dirge as on the strand they beat.
When round the hills the pale moonlight is thrown,
And midnight dews fall on the Banta-stone,
We'll sit, O Thorston! in our rounded graves,
And speak together o'er the gentle waves.

FRIDTHORF'S SAGA.

Morning and Evening.

At morning I stood on the mountain's brow,
In its May-wreath crowned, and there
Saw day rise in gold and purple glow;
And I cried, "O life, how fair!"

My spirit felt the longing to soar
From home afar in its flight;
To roam, like the sun, from shore to shore,
A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,
And, wrapped in devotion and prayer,
Saw night rise in silver and purple glow;
And I cried, "O Death, how fair!"

And when, the vast Heaven encompassing all,
Like children the stars to her came,
The exploits of men then seemed to me small;
Naught great but the Infinite's name.

Ah! how unheeded all charms which invest
The joys and the hopes that men prize,
While eternal thoughts in the poet's breast,
Like stars in the heavens, arise!

ERIC SJOGREN, SWEDEN, 1820.

God, a Poem.

[Derzhaven, after serving some time in the Russian army, was made successively a councilor of state, ambassador of the Senate, president of the College of Commerce, public cashier, and, in 1802, minister of justice. He has since retired, on his full allowance, to pass the evening of his days in the enjoyment of the fruits of his long and active labors. This poem has been translated into Japanese by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace of Pekin.]

O THOU Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight:
Thou only God! there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *thyself* alone,
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep, may count

The sands or the sun's rays: but, God, for thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence: Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from thee, — of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin. All life, all beauty, thine;
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art and wert and shalt be glorious, great,
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath:
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death.
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? — piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost.
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! but the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:

Yes, in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence: for in thee
I live and breathe and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *thou* must be.

Thou art! directing, guiding all, — thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by thy hand:
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth;
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost;
And the next step is spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave! a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived! unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be.

Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me*, thou Source of life and good,
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere, —
Even to its Source, to thee, its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its image to the Deity.
God! thus above my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good;
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

DERZHAVEN, A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN, 1763.

Translated by John Bowring.

Redemption through Aspiration.

[Near the end of Goethe's "Faust," the angels soar into the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of Faust, who had been tried and tempted by Mephistopheles and other evil beings. The Blessed Boys are spirits of those whom Goethe calls "midnight-born," who died to earth-life at birth, and passed on, imperfect in experience.]

ANGELS.

THE noble spirit now is free,
And saved from evil scheming.
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming;
And, if he feels the grace of love
That from on high is given,
The Blessed Hosts that wait above
Shall welcome him to heaven.

YOUNGER ANGELS.

They, the roses, freely spended
By the penitent, the glorious,
Helped to make the fight victorious,
And the lofty work is ended.

We this precious soul have won us;
Evil ones we forced to shun us;
Devils fled us when we hit them:
'Stead of pangs of hell, that bit them,
Love-pangs felt they, sharper, vaster:
Even he, old Satan-master,
Pierced with keenest pain, retreated.
Now rejoice! The work's completed.

. . . . . .

The clouds are growing clear,
And moving throngs appear
Of Blessed Boys,
Free from the earthly gloom,
In circling poise,
Who taste the cheer
Of the new spring-time bloom
Of the upper sphere.
Let them inaugurate
Him to the perfect state
Now, as their peer!

BLESSED BOYS.

Gladly receive we now
Him as a chrysalis;
Therefore achieve we now
Pledge of our bliss.

The earth-flakes dissipate
That cling around him.
See! he is fair and great:
Divine life hath crowned him.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.
Translated by Bayard Taylor.

Spirits were, Unseen by Thee.

Years have vanished like a dream
Since I ferried o'er this stream:
Flood and castle, as of old,
Glimmer now in evening's gold.

Two companions, loved and tried,
Then sailed over by my side:
One was father-like, the other
Young and generous as a brother.

One in quiet spent life's day,
Then sank quietly away;
But the other earlier passed
Home through battle and through blast.

When I thus live fondly o'er
Days gone by to come no more,
I must ever miss and mourn
Friends whom death has from me torn.

Yet, when heart and heart unite,
Friendship's chain is then most bright:
Thus the friends to memory dear
Still in soul are with me here.

Threefold fare, O pilot! take,
For a grateful stranger's sake:
Two that ferried o'er with me
Spirits were, unseen by thee.

UHLAND (GERMAN).
C. T. Brooks's translation.

Via Crucis Via Lucis.

THROUGH night to light; and though to mortal eyes
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
Good cheer, good cheer! the gloom of midnight flies;
Then shall a sunrise follow mild and fair.

Through storm to calm; and though his thunder-car
The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,
Good cheer, good cheer! the elemental war
Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring; and though the biting blast
Of Eurus stiffen Nature's juicy veins,
Good cheer, good cheer! when Winter's wrath is past,
Soft murmuring Spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace; and though, with bristling front,
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,

Good cheer, good cheer! brave thou the battle's
brunt
For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through toil to sleep; and though the sultry noon
With heavy drooping wing oppress thee now,
Good cheer, good cheer! the cool of evening soon
Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown; and though the spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer, good cheer! soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at
length.

Through woe to joy; and though at morn thou
weep,
And still the midnight find thee weeping still,
Good cheer, good cheer! the Shepherd loves his
sheep:
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE; and through this vale of
tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
To the great supper, in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

KOSEGARTEN, 1758.

Translated by C. T. Brooks.

Paradise must fairer be.

Oh! paradise must fairer be
  Than any spot below.
My spirit pines for liberty:
  Now let me hither go!

In paradise, for ever clear
  The stream of love is flowing:
For every tear that I've shed here
  A pearl therein is growing.

For every wounding thorn below
  A rose shall blossom there;
And sweeter flowers than earth can show
  Shall twine around my hair.

And every joy that budding died
  Shall open there in bloom;
And Spring in all her flowery pride
  Shall waken from the tomb.

My youth, that fled so soon away,
And left me sad, decaying,
Shall there be with me every day,
With light wings round me playing.

All hopes, all wishes, all the love
I sighed for, pined for ever,
Shall bloom around me there above,
And last with me for ever.

FRIEDRICH RUCKERT.

Your Darling Sleeps.

Your darling sleeps. Bid not his slumbers cease;
Permit this sweet repose.
Lying among the flowers, and full of peace,
He says, to soothe your woes,
"I lie infolded in delightful rest;
The lines have fallen to me among the blest."
Your darling sleeps.

Your darling sleeps. All wearied out with play,
And satisfied with joy,
Forgotten now is what beguiled the day,
Forgotten festival and book and toy:
The treasures that he loved can charm no more;
For his young feet have climbed to Eden's door.
Your darling sleeps.

Your darling sleeps. His day of life was gay,
And rich in joyous hours;
A sparkling brook, that made its gladsome way
Through fields of blooming flowers:

Sorrow nor knew him or his presence sought;
With him not death itself in conflict wrought.
Your darling sleeps.

Your darling sleeps, how blessed and how sure,
On the good Shepherd's arm!
His childish heart from sinful stain made pure,
Death could not do him harm:
Compassed with holy nurture, holy care,
His dying pillow was parental prayer.
Your darling sleeps.

Your darling sleeps. And so he sleeps away
Life's bitter threatening hours:
Know'st thou, O mother! what concealèd lay
Amid its adverse powers?
Now wintry winds for him may vainly beat;
Vainly may summer scorch with fervent heat.
Your darling sleeps.

Your darling sleeps; but for a single night,
Whose gloomy shades must flee;
And when the day dawns forth in rosy light,
That will a morning be!

FROM THE GERMAN.

Greeting an Infant's Birth above.

A HOST of angels flying
Through cloudless skies, impelled,
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw with glances tender
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendor:
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came with looks of love
From heaven's enchanting region,
Bending their wingèd way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it, —
That little pearl, which shone
With luster all its own, —
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth,
But left the shell on earth.

DIRK SMITS (DUTCH), 1700.
Translated by H. S. Van Dyk.

The Ethereal Body.

[Dante, in his Purgatorio, tells of the visit he (in his mortal or earthly form) made with his guide to purgatory, and gives his ideal of the spirit-form.]

THE souls who had, from seeing me draw breath,
Become aware that I was still alive,
Pallid in their astonishment became;
And as to messenger who bears the olive
The people throng to listen to the news,
And no one shows himself afraid of crowding,
So at the sight of me stood motionless
Those fortunate spirits, all of them, as if
Oblivious to go and make them fair.
One from among them saw I coming forward,
As to embrace me, with such great affection,
That it incited me to do the like.
O empty shadows, save in aspect only!
Three times behind it did I clasp my hands,
As oft returned with them to my own breast!
I think with wonder I depicted me:
Whereat the shadow smiled, and backward drew;
And I, pursuing it, pressed farther forward.

Gently it said that I should stay my steps:
Then knew I who it was, and I entreated
That it would stop a while to speak with me.
It made reply to me: "Even as I loved thee
In mortal body, so I love thee free;
Therefore I stop: but wherefore goest thou?"
"My own Casella! to return once more
There where I am, I make this journey."

. . . . . .

If some new law take not from thee
Memory or practice of the song of love,
Which used to quiet in me all my longings,
Thee may it please to comfort therewithal
Somewhat this soul of mine, that with its body
Hitherward coming is so much distressed."
"*Love, that within my mind discourses with me,*"
Forthwith began he so melodiously,
The melody within me is still sounding.

DANTE ALIGHIERI, 13TH CENTURY.
H. W. Longfellow's translation.

Dante meets Beatrice in Paradise.

(IN THE FIFTH HEAVEN.)

Now was alone rejoicing in its word
That soul beatified, and I was tasting
My own, the bitter tempering with the sweet;
And the Lady who to God was leading me
Said, "Change thy thought; consider that I am
Near unto Him who every wrong disburdens."
Unto the loving accents of my comfort
I turned me round, and then what love I saw
Within those holy eyes I here relinquish;
Not only that my language I distrust,
But that my mind can not return so far
Above itself unless another guide it.
Thus much upon that point I will repeat,
That, her again beholding, my affection
From every other longing was released.
While the eternal pleasure, which direct
Rayed upon Beatrice, from her fair face
Contented me with its reflected aspect,

Conquering me with the radiance of a smile,
She said to me, "Turn thee about and listen;
Not in mine eyes alone is paradise.
. . . In this fifth resting-place
Upon the tree that liveth by its summit,
And aye bears fruit, and never loses leaf,
Are blessed spirits that below, ere yet
They came to heaven, were of such great renown
That every Muse therewith would affluent be.
Therefore look thou." . . . . .

He looks and sees Maccabee, Charlemagne, Duke Godfrey, Robert Guiscard, and others.

Then, moved and mingled with the other lights,
The soul that had addressed me showed how great
An artist 'twas among the heavenly singers.
To my right side I turned myself around,
My duty to behold in Beatrice
Either by words or gesture signified;
And so translucent I beheld her eyes,
So full of pleasure, that her countenance
Surpassed its other and its latest wont.

DANTE'S PARADISO.

The Sainted Spirit.

THE sainted spirit which from bliss on high
Descends like dayspring to my favored sight,
Shines in such noontide radiance of the sky,
Scarce do I know that form intensely bright.
But with the sweetness of her well-known smile, —
That smile of peace, — she bids my doubts depart,
And takes my hand, and softly speaks the while,
And heaven's full glory pictures to my heart.
Beams of that heaven in her my eyes behold;
And now, e'en now, in thought my wings unfold
To soar with her, and mingle with the blest:
But, ah! so swift her buoyant pinion flies,
That I, in vain aspiring to the skies,
Fall to my native sphere by earthly bonds depressed.

CORNELIO BENTIVOGLIO, AN ITALIAN CARDINAL, 1719.

"A Heavenly Spirit stood."

"PARENT of good! since all thy laws are just,
Say, why permits thy judging providence
Oppression's hand to bow weak innocence,
And gives prevailing strength to fraud and lust?
Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust
That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
Who bids thy faithful sons that reverence
Thy holy will be humbled in the dust?
Amid the din of joy fair Virtue sighs,
While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls."
Thus I; when radiant 'fore my wondering eyes
A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said,
"Blind moralist, is earth the sphere of souls?"

BARTOLOME LEONARDO ARGENSOLA (ITALY), 1600.

Paradise: What a Mortal saw There.

Issuing from the darkness, see,
With joyful hearts right gratefully,
Beyond the cloud that bright wall rise
That round engirdleth paradise.
A lofty wall was it, and high,
Reaching as though 'twould pierce the sky, —
All battlemented, but no tower,
Breastwork, nor palisade; for power
Of foe was never dreaded there;
And snowy white beyond compare
Its hue; and gems dazzling to sight
In inlay work that wall bedight;
For it was set with chrysolite,
And many a rich gem flashing light, —
Topaz and emerald fair to see,
Carbuncle and chalcedony,
And chrysoprase, sardonyx fair,
Jasper and amethyst most rare,
Gorgeously shining jacinth too,
Crystal and beryl clear to view,

Each to the other giving brightness.

. . . . . .

And glad was Brandan; for their pleasure
So wondrous was, that scant in measure
Their past toils seemed; nor could they rest,
But wandered aye in joyful quest
Of somewhat fairer, and did go
Hither and thither, to and fro,
For very joyousness. And now
They climb a mountain's lofty brow,
And see afar a vision rare
Of angels; I may not declare
What there they saw, for words could ne'er
The meaning tell: and melodie
Of that same heavenly companie
For joy that they beheld them there
They heard, but could not bear its sweetness,
Unless their nature's greater meetness
To that celestial place had borne;
But they were crushed with joy. "Return,"
Said they; "we may not this sustain."
Then spoke the youth in gentle strain:—
"O Brandan! God unto thine eyes
Hath granted sight of paradise;
But know, it glories hath more bright
Than e'er have dazed thy mortal sight.

One hundred thousand times more fair
Are these abodes; but thou couldst ne'er
The view sustain, nor the ecstasy
Its meanest joys would yield to thee;
For thou hast in the body come;
But, when the Lord shall call thee home,
Thou, fitted then, a spirit free
From weakness and mortality,
Shall aye remain, no fleeting guest,
But taking here thy endless rest.
And while thou still remain'st below,
That Heaven's high favor all may know,
Take hence these stones, to teach all eyes
That thou hast been in paradise."
Then Brandan worshiped God, and took
Of paradise a farewell look.
The fair youth led them to the gate;
They entered in the ship, and straight
The signal's made, the wind flows free,
The sails are spread, and o'er the sea
They bound: but swift and blithe, I trow,
Their homeward course; for where was foe
Of earth or hell 'gainst them to rise
Who were returned from paradise?

ROBERT WACE, 12TH CENTURY, FRANCE.
From Le Voyage de St. Brandan.

The Fairest Thing in Mortal Eyes.

(ADDRESSED TO HIS DEPARTED WIFE, AGED 22.)

To make my lady's obsequies,
My love a minster wrought,
And, in the chantry service there,
Was sung by doleful thought:
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odor gave;
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,
Eluminèd her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved, "Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth show her blessedness;
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portrayed

When gracious God with both his hands
  Her goodly substance made.
He framed her in such wondrous guise,
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more! my heart doth faint
  When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
  So virtuous deemed by all,
That in herself was so complete,
  I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his paradise,
  And with his saints to reign;
Whom while on earth each one did prize,
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS.

France, 15th century, translated by Henry F. Carey.

How Far from Here to Heaven?

How far from here to heaven?
  Not very far, my friend:
A single hearty step
  Will all thy journey end.

Hold there! where runnest thou?
  Know heaven is *in* thee:
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere?
  His face thou'lt never see.

Go out, God will go in;
  Die thou, and let him live;
Be not, and he will be;
  Wait, and he'll all things give.

I don't believe in death:
  If hour by hour I die,
'Tis hour by hour to gain
  A better life thereby.

ANGELUS SILESIUS, A.D. 1620.

Heaven's Joys.

Sweetest strains from soft harps stealing;
Trumpet's notes of triumph pealing;
Radiant wings and white stoles gleaming,
Up the steps of glory streaming;
Where the heavenly bells are ringing;
Holy, holy, holy! singing, —
To the mighty Trinity!
Holy, holy, holy! crying;
For all mortal care and sighing
In that city cease to be.

Oh, how beautiful that region!
And how fair that heavenly legion,
Where thus men and angels blend!
Glorious will that city be,
Full of deep tranquillity,
Light and peace from end to end!
All the happy dwellers there
Shine in robes of purity,
Keep the laws of charity,

Bound in firmest unity:
Labor finds them not, nor care.

Ignorance can ne'er perplex,
Nothing tempt them, nothing vex:
Joy and health their fadeless blessing
Always all things good possessing.

THOMAS À KEMPIS, 1380–1471.

My Soul.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men;
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sonnet 146.

Beauty.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and is more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight:
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformèd tabernacles drowned,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptnesse in the substance found,
Which it assumèd of some stubborne ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is performed with some vile imperfection.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1580.

The Ministry of Angels.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is; else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: but oh the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve so wicked men, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
Oh! why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

Edmund Spenser.

Death shall Die.

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death: nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou, then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die.

JOHN DONNE, 1600.

Sweet Day.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angrie and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1654.

Beyond the Veil.

They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here:
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists which blot and fill
My pérspective, still as they pass,
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1655.

How Wonderful is Man!

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such,
Who centered in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvelously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds,
Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute,
An heir of glory, a frail child of dust,
Helpless immortal, insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost, — at home, a stranger.

. . . . . .

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

. . . . . .

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,

The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
Life's theater as yet is shut; and death,
Strong death alone, can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.

EDWARD YOUNG, 1740.

The White Island.

In this world, the Isle of Dreames,
While we sit by Sorrow's streames,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting.

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternitie,
Uniting,

In that Whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere,
Candor here and luster there,
Delighting,

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell or horror call,
To create or cause at all
Affrighting.

There, in calm and cooling sleep,
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you;
And fresh joyes, as never to
Have ending.

ROBERT HERRICK, 1630.

How to Wear the Soul's Garment.

Go now! and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease; and, while they tug,
Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
Go! take physic, dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The oraculous doctor's mystic bills,
Certain hard words made into pills;
And what at last shalt gain by these?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark, hither reader! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well, —
Her garments that upon her sit
As garments should do, close and fit;

A well-clothed soul that's not oppressed
Nor choked with what she should be dressed;
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aerial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows, the blushing bride;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists can mask, no lazy streams;
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day?
Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tunèd humors be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile,
Aye? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In turn, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and whose leaden hours
Fall with soft wings stuck with soft flowers,

And, when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay,
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see,
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

RICHARD CRASHAW.
England, 17th Century.

"The Soul's Dark Cottage."

THE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time hath made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER,
In old age, England, about 1680.

Vision of his Wife.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espousèd saint,
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine — as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint —
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veiled; yet, to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

JOHN MILTON.
February, 1658.

"Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame."

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark, they whisper! angels say,
"Sister-spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears:
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE, 1712.

To my Mother's Picture.

. . . . . .

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and
smile,) —
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart: the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no! what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered, and the ocean crost)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay:
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;
And thy loved consort, on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.

. . . . . .

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From kings enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise, —
The son of parents passed into the skies.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.

Homeward in Song.

[Wesley directed a joyful hymn to be sung at his last hour.]

Oh! sing to me of heaven
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.

When the last moment comes,
Oh! watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.

Then to my ravished ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

Spirit, thy Labor is o'er.

[Wolfgang Mozart, the great German master of music, passed away at Vienna in 1791. For weeks he had been employed on his last and sweetest work, his finest inspiration, — the "Requiem." Falling into a gentle sleep, from which the steps of his daughter Emelie awakened him, he said, "Come to me: *my* Requiem is finished." And she tenderly answered, "Say not so, father. Even now your cheek glows: you are better." The father lovingly said, "This wasted form can never be restored. Sit down to the piano, and sing these my last notes, and with them the hymn of your sainted mother." Emelie sang with a voice full of tenderest emotion, dwelt a moment, in conclusion, on the closing tones of the wonderful melody, and turned from the instrument to look for her father's smile of approval. She saw the smile left by the spirit that had been lifted up to heaven in the flow of its own musical harmony.]

Spirit, thy labor is o'er;
Thy term of probation is run;
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit, look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret;
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit, no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary like thee, the wretched, shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit, how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be with thy Saviour and God,
There loud hallelujahs to sing.

The Two Worlds.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain,
Whose magic joys we may not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore:
Ah! truly we breathed there
Intoxicating air;
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead;
We see them, visions strange, amid the Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there; but here
Sadly we may remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor;

For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer,
People that happy land, — the realm of Nevermore.

Upon the frontiers of this shadowy land
We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand:
What realm lies forward, with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem;
Very far off, beyond our sensual dream,
Its woods, unruffled by the wild winds' roar:
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment, and we breathe within the Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe;
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carolings soar.
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away;
They drink that river of life which flows for evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim;
But, lo! the white wings of the seraphim

Shine in the sunset. On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago;
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for evermore.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

The Soul Immortal.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the moldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky:
The soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Intimations of Immortality.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come,
From God, who is our home.

. . . . . .

Thou whose external semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind!
Mighty prophet! seer most blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find
In darkness lost, — the darkness of the grave!
Thou over whom thy immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height!

WORDSWORTH.

Whence this Pleasing Hope?

It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well:
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the Soul
Back in herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

. . . . . .

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The Immortal Mind.

When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It can not die, it can not stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way;
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey.

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all;
All, all in earth or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds;
And all that was at once appears.

Before creation peopled earth,
Its eyes shall roll through chaos back;
And, where the farthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track;

And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure.
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away! without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly, —
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

BYRON.

The Blessed Damozel.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven:
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand;
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service neatly worn:
Her hair, that lay along her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers:
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers,
Albeit to them she left her day
Had counted as ten years.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on,
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that, looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge;
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal, chaste names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself, and stopped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of heaven she saw
  Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
  Within the gulf to pierce
The path; and now she spoke as when
  The stars sang in their spheres.

. . . . . .

"I wish that he were come to me,
  For he will come," she said:
"Have I not prayed in heaven? — on earth,
  Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
  And shall I feel afraid?"

. . . . . .

She gazed and listened, and then said,
  Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She ceased:
  The light thrilled toward her, filled
With angels in strong level flight;
  Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
  Was vague in distant spheres;
And then she cast her arms along
  The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
  And wept. (I heard her tears.)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

The Upland Path.

Wise men, or such as to the world seem wise,
Picture old age the downhill path of life,
Dimmed by the vapors of a lower earth,
Drawn from its stagnant waters. Nay, not so;
But rather upward, where the mountains stand
Guarding the young green valleys, lies his way
On whose broad front is set the crown of years.
Silent, and filled with beauty, shall he go,
As one who travels towards the source of streams,
And, pondering thoughtfully, comes unaware
On land-locked tarns, whose stilly waters keep
The face of heaven in memory. Far below,
The maddening rivers keep the seas in chase,
Till the vexed ocean beats the curbing shore;
And, striving still for mastery, the rough winds
Grapple the yielding argosies. Not for him
Sounds their wild roar amid his calm of skies.
Save when, perchance, some shriek of human woe
Leaps to the clouds that roll beneath his feet,
Touching the common nature in his heart,

Unmoved he stands, and in a trance of soul,
'Mid godward dreams, between the rifted peaks
Beholds the face Divine. So, pressing on,
Higher and higher still, and breathing still
A clearer, purer air, he comes at length
To earth's last foothold, and stands face to face
With the great change: undaunted, undismayed,
Though round him close the everlasting hills,
And darkness falls upon him as a shroud,
He casts his feeble frame on Nature's heart,
That beats to his again; then, heavenward bound,
Sets firm his foot upon the Path of Souls.

E. L. HERVEY.

Chambers's Journal, Edinburgh, Scotland.

The Kingdom of God.

I SAY to thee, Do thou repeat
To the first man that thou dost meet
In lane, highway, or open street, —

That he, and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain.

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led:

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
Yet one word more: They only miss
The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know, —
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which *seems* at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

TRENCH.

Life.

LIFE, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when or how or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life, we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning;
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1743–1825.

Abou Ben-Adhem.

Abou Ben-Adhem — may his tribe increase! —
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben-Adhem bold;
And to the vision in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names which love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

The Golden Gate.

Dim shadows gather thickly round; and up the misty
stair they climb, —
The cloudy stair, that upward leads to where the
closèd portals shine,
Round which the kneeling spirits wait
The opening of the golden gate.

And some with eager longing go, still pressing for-
ward hand in hand;
And some, with weary step and slow, look back
where their belovèd stand:
Yet up the misty stair they climb,
Led onward by the angel Time.

As unseen hands roll back the doors, the light that
floods the very air
Is the dim shadow from within, of the great glory
hidden there;
And morn and eve, and soon and late,
The shadows pass within the gate.

As one by one they enter in, and the dim portals
close once more,
The halo seems to linger round those kneeling
closest to the door;
The joy that lightened from that place
Shines still upon the watcher's face.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Thoughts from "Festus."

We shall lack nothing, having love; and we,
We must be happy everywhere, — we two;
For spiritual life is great and clear,
And self-continuous as the changeless sea.
. . . . As is the sea's,
So is the life of spirit, and the kind.
And then, with natures raised, refined, and freed
From these poor forms, our days shall pass in peace
And love: no thought of human littleness
Shall cross our high, calm souls, shining and pure
As the gold gates of heaven.
. . . . . .
This life, this world, is not enough for us:
They are nothing to the measure of our mind.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

. . . . . .

We never can be deathless till we die.

Keep the spirit pure
From worldly taint by the repellent strength
Of virtue. Think on noble thoughts and deeds
Ever. Count the rosary of truth,
And practice precepts which are proven wise;
Walk boldly and wisely in the light thou hast:
There is a hand above will help thee on.
I am an omnist, and believe in all
Religions, — fragments of one golden world
Yet to be relit in its place in heaven.

. . . . . .

The absolutely true religion is
In heaven only; yea, in Deity:
But, foremost of all studies, let me not
Forget to bid thee learn Christ's faith by heart.

And we will
Be oft on earth with those we love, and help them;
For God hath made it lawful for good souls
To make souls good, and saints to help the saintly.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.
London, England, 1836.

Heaven.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
Where love becomes immortal, —

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision;
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gates Elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And, while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure gates afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all-wise, eternal!
Oh! guide these wandering, wayward feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

MRS. N. A. W. PRIEST.

The Land Beyond the Sea.

THE land beyond the sea! —
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore
O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea?

The land beyond the sea! —
How close it often seems
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams!
The wistful heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams:
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea.

The land beyond the sea! —
Sometimes across the strait,
Like drawbridge to a castle-gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea.

F. W. FABER.

To my Guardian Angel.

(FOR CHILDREN.)

DEAR angel, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

I can not feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To chide me as my mother did
When I was but a child.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

Ah me, how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified!
Yet one of them, O sweetest thought!
Is ever at my side.

FABER.

Life shall Live For Evermore.

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore;
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

. . . . . .

What, then, were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die.

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop headforemost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease.

TENNYSON.

We watched her Breathing.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied:
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed: she had
Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

Too Materialistic.

And verily many thinkers of this age,
Ay, many Christian teachers, half in heaven,
Are wrong in just my sense, who understood
Our natural world too insularly, as if
No spiritual counterpart completed it,
Consummating its meaning, rounding all
To justice and perfection, line by line,
Form by form, nothing single nor alone, —
The great below clinched by the great above;
Shade here authenticating substance there;
The body proving spirit, as the effect
The cause. . . . . . .
For everywhere
We're too materialistic, eating clay
Until we're filled up to the throat with clay,
And grow the grimy color of the ground
On which we are feeding. . . .
. . . . . There are many, even,
Whose names are written in the Christian church
To no dishonor, diet still on mud,

And splash the altars with it: you might think
The clay Christ laid upon their eyelids, when,
Still blind, he called them to the use of sight,
Remained there to retard its exercise
With clogging incrustations. Close to heaven,
They see for mysteries, through the open doors,
Vague puffs of smoke from pots of earthenware;
And fain would enter, when their time shall come,
With quite a different body than St. Paul
Has promised, — husk and chaff, the whole barley-
corn,
Or where's the resurrection?

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Futurity.

And O beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, — because erelong
Ye brake off in the middle of the song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with a sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil! — I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

E. B. Browning.

Sweet Spirit, Comfort me.

In the hour of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the Furies, in a shoal,
Come to fight a passing soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

GEORGE HERBERT.

Oh! may I join the Choir Invisible.

Oh! may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence, — live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
To vaster issues!
So to live is heaven;
To wake undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
With guiding sway the growing life of man.
. . . . . .
May I reach
That purest heaven, to be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,

And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

MRS. LEWES (GEORGE ELIOT).

We are Wiser than we Know.

COUNTLESS chords of heavenly music,
Struck ere earthly time began,
Vibrate in immortal concord
To the answering soul of man;
Countless rays of heavenly glory
Shine, through spirit pent in clay,
On the wise men at their labors,
On the children at their play.
Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,
Seen the glory, heard the music:
We are wiser than we know.

CHARLES MACKAY.

The Everlasting Memorial.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun:
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name, and my place, and my tomb, all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run:
So let me pass away, peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten
Up to the crown that for me has been won,
Unthought of by man in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on:
So be my life, — a thing felt, but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness
When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone,
So would I be to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for, — let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on).
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed in its season:
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper;
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown;

Shall pass on to ages, — all about me forgotten,
Save the truths I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie unblazoned, unknown:
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

BONAR.

Purity of Spirit-Communion.

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead!

In vain shalt thou or any call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest;

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

TENNYSON.

Ballad of Babe Christabel.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death,
Shall light thy dark up like a star, —
A beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters through the darkest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beauteous bird of light hath fled:
  Awhile she sat with folded wings,
  Sang round us a few hoverings,
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged angels nurture her:
  With heaven's white radiance robed and crowned,
  And all love's purple glory round,
She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene
  She walked betwixt us twain, like love;
  While in a robe of light above
Her better angel walked unseen,

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild;
  Then, lest her starry garments trail
  In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The angel-arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward rolled
  To the great ocean, on whose shore
  We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old.

And aye we seek and hunger on
  For precious pearls, and relics rare,
  Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

Oh, weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead. Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles; spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plow
Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

GERALD MASSEY.

The Right Path to the Skies.

Lo! now on earth is he in every thing
A happy man, if he may see
The clearest, heaven-shining stream,
The noble fountain of all good,
And of himself the swarthy mist,
The darkness of the mind, can dispel!
We will as yet, with God's help,
With old and fabulous stories instruct
Thy mind, that thou the better mayest
Discover to the skies the right path
To the eternal regions of our souls.

METERS OF BOETHIUS.

Translated from Latin by King Alfred the Great, called the Truth-Teller. Anglo Saxon, 9th century.

Heaven Near.

Oh! heaven is nearer than mortals think
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is near us: the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not always the angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought
To the thirsty soul is given
That power to pierce through the mists of sense
To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss:
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

MRS. MARY J. ROBINSON.

The Beautiful Land.

THERE's a Beautiful Land by the spoiler untrod,
Unpolluted by sorrow or care:
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
Whose throne and whose temple are there.
Its crystalline streams with a murmurous flow
Meander through valleys of green;
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers with jubilant breath
Make the air with their melodies rife;
And one known on earth as the Angel of Death
Shines here as the Angel of Life:
And infinite tenderness beams from his eyes;
On his brow is an infinite calm;
And his voice, as it thrills through the depths of the skies,
Is as sweet as the seraphim's psalm.

Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful Land
Walk the souls who were faithful in this;
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the zephyrs are fanned
That evermore murmur of bliss:
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
And breathe the sweet odor of flowers
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame,
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time;
And martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;
And saints and confessors, a numberless throng,
Who were loyal to truth and to right,
And left, as they walked through the darkness of wrong,
Their footprints encircled with light;

And the dear little children who went to their rest
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
While the Angel of Morning still tarried, a guest,
Their spirits' pure temple within, —
All are there, all are there, in the Beautiful Land,
The land by the spoiler untrod;

And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes
are fanned
That blow from the gardens of God.

My soul hath looked in through the gateway of
dreams
On the city all pavèd with gold,
And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams
As through the green valleys they rolled;
And though it still waits on this desolate strand,
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,
That it gazed on the home of its birth.

"Man, thou shalt never Die."

Oh, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks the startling word, —
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it round our souls; according harps,
By angel-fingers touched when the mild stars
Of evening sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality;
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn universal song.
Oh, listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating in day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears.
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
As one great mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living hand; and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.

The dying hear it, and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

RICHARD H. DANA.

The Aurora Borealis.

BUT a better type thou art
Of the strivings of the heart,
Reaching upwards from the earth
To the *soul* that gave it birth.
When the noiseless beck of night
Summons out the inner light
That had hid its purer ray
Through the lapses of the day,
Then, like thee, thou northern morn,
Instincts which we deemed unborn,
Gushing from their hidden source,
Mount upon their heavenward course,
And the spirit seeks to be
Filled with God's eternity.

C. P. CRANCH.

Musings.

When the shades of eve, descending,
With the hues of day are blending,
And the gorgeous dyes of sunset fade from off the western sky;
While the moonbeams, half revealing,
And the shadows, half concealing,
Give a dim and weird-like aspect to the scenes that meet the eye, —

Then I sit, half musing, dreaming,
Hours of joy or sorrow gleaning
From the golden book of memory, from the love-lit days of yore;
And I trace with deep emotion,
With a spirit of devotion,
As I turn the mystic pages, names of loved ones gone before.

One sweet sister and three brothers,
These have passed, with many others

Whom they love, to fairer mansions in the higher
realms of light;
And I know that they are dwelling
Where immortal founts are welling, —
Founts of love that are unfailing, — founts of wis-
dom pure and bright.

Oft I catch a scintillation,
A resplendent coruscation,
From the minds of the departed who return from
spheres above;
And my heart is filled with gladness
That removes all trace of sadness,
As they gently hover near me with their messages
of love.

Each ennobling revelation
Brings a trustful resignation;
For I know they are progressing on the super-mun-
dane shore:
In their homes is no digression
From the pathway of progression,
But they quaff from radiant fountains draughts of
wisdom evermore.

WILLIAM H. MELLEN.

Herald of Progress, New York, 1860.

"There is yet a Boundless Ocean."

THERE is yet a boundless ocean
For the soul of man to sail;
There's a grand and golden mountain
For his feeble steps to scale.

Light will yet dispel the darkness
That enshrouds the sons of clay;
Scenes will burst upon the spirit,
Glorious with a morning ray.

Music from celestial voices
O'er earth's vales will float along,
Till each hopeless heart rejoices
In the thrilling, soothing song.

Life will be a sacred blessing,
Hasting, silver-winged, away;
And the grave a welcome portal,
Opening to eternal day.

ANONYMOUS.

Listening: the Spirit-Sky within.

I HEAR it often in the dark;
I hear it in the light:
Where is the voice that comes to me
With such a quiet might?

It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars;
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars.

Oh! may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A *spirit-sky*, that opens with
These voices of surprise?

And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God himself,
The Father, dwells unseen?

Thy heaven is mine, my very soul!
  Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
  With music and with song.

They ever seem to say, "My child,
  Why seek me so all day?
Now journey *inward* to thyself,
  And listen by the way."

W. C. GANNETT.
Boston, Mass., 1870.

The Angel-Plan.

O TOILER of the lily!
  Thy touch is in the man:
No leaf that dawns to petal
  But hints the angel-plan.

The flower-horizons open,
  The blossom vaster grows:
We hear thy wide world's echo, —
  "See how the lily grows!"

Shy yearnings of the savage,
  Unfolded thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
  To visions fair are wrought.

The races rise and cluster;
  Transfigurations fall;
Man's chaos blooms to beauty,
  Thy purpose crowning all!

W. C. GANNETT.

Onward and Upward.

O EARNEST soul! from tempting sin,
From worldly care, and business din,
Turn thou away; inquire within.
A voice proclaims to thee each day,
Good men and holy angels say,
And loving spirits from the way, —
"Onward and upward!"

Spend not thy time in looking back
Upon life's strange, uncertain track;
Mourn not of grace or strength the lack.
If sin lies there, gaze not again
On those "doomed cities of the plain:"
Press on, the heavenly hills to gain,
Onward and upward!

Was there revealed in thy dim past
A joy too clear, too sweet, to last?
And does that memory bind thee fast?
Remember, but anticipate!
Here, or hereafter, soon or late,
Thou shalt inherit bliss as great:
Onward and upward!

Perhaps the weeping-willows wave
Above a well-remembered grave,
And God has claimed the soul he gave:
Still with thine own that soul may plead,
For right and truth may intercede,
And thy unstable footsteps lead
Onward and upward.

Then onward, friend! take up thy cross;
Weep not o'er error or o'er loss;
Strive not for fame or golden dross.
Be active, — there is work to do;
Be firm, be faithful, and be true;
Be hopeful, — there's a home in view:
Onward and upward!

And when thou dost thine own home gain,
When unto bliss thou dost attain,
When thou art free from mortal pain,
Oh! never let thy zeal grow less;
Still strive each mourning heart to bless,
And aid each struggling soul to press
Onward and upward.

Mrs. S. S. Thompson.

Wellsborough, Tioga Co., Penn., 1840.

The Soul's Prophecy.

All before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind:
All before us is the day;
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
Real Eden we shall find.

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden-days,
Guardian watch from seraph-eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir nor toil nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1841.

Threnody.

(EXTRACT.)

I SEE my empty house;
I see my trees repair their boughs;
And he, the wondrous child,
Whose silver warble wild
Outvalued every pulsing sound
Within the air's cerulean round, —
The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break, and April bloom, —
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereinto he was born, —
Has disappeared from the day's eye:
Far and wide she cannot find him;
My hopes pursue, they cannot bind him.

. . . . . .

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,

Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned,
Saying, — *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust; hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.

EMERSON.

Evening and Morning.

Behold the western evening light!
It melts in deeper gloom:
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And, lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears:
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

Night falls; but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And then the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

W. B. O. PEABODY, 1823.

Peace on Earth.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold, —
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-glorious King!"
The world in solemn silence lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1851.

Where?

THAT is her body lying there,
So sweetly still,
As if but sleep had worked thereon
Its perfect will.

The violets strewn about her seem
To haunt her rest;
And, as in dreams, she clasps the rose
Upon her breast.

How strange it is we are so sure
She is not there!
Though all her precious outwardness
Is still so fair.

For we have seen her just as still
Full oft before;
But now we know those drowsy lids
Will ope no more.

She is not there; and, if not there,
Where must she be?
Elsewhere or Nowhere that at least
Our thought can see.

Nowhere? But then — oh shallow thought! —
She is no more.
The most has perished; but the least
Is as before.

This can not perish; this may change
From form to form,
In grass and blossom reaching up
To sun and storm.

A thousand summers shall grow pale
Through all the land,
And still her precious dust shall lie
In God's right hand;

And, lying there, shall take the shape
He thinketh best,
But never lovelier than is now
On it impressed.

And shall the garment that she wore
Exist so long,

And she that wore it be as is
An ended song?

An ended song? But even that
Is somewhere still:
It doth the heart with burden sweet
Of memory fill.

May not her Somewhere be as much
As that, no more? —
To walk in dreamland up and down
A sobbing shore?

To live in deeds for her dear sake
Made pure and true,
In great aspirings that from her
Their being drew?

But that which lieth there so still,
In grass and flower
Shall live again; nor less for that
Be memory's dower.

And shall the mask she wore have thus
A twofold life,
And she that wore it only live
Where thought is rife?

And so from Nowhere back my heart
Returns in glee:
She is not there, since, having been,
She still must be.

But, oh, how vast and dim appears
That Elsewhere land,
Where she, with others gone before,
Walks hand in hand!

My thought goes forth to seek her there,
But soon returns,
Dazed by that rose of light wherein
Her spirit burns.

Content to leave her there in peace
With her dear God,
It wanders in the earthly paths
Her feet have trod.

Then from her high and holy place,
Full soon I know,
Her thought sweeps down my thought to meet
With music low.

With such sweet trysts as these my soul
Can be content

Until my life with hers again
In heaven is blent.

If thou, in thy new home, canst be
As patient, sweet,
Our days will be most happy till
Again we meet.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.
Brooklyn, L.I.

This is the Land of Shadows.

[Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question, whether he was still in the land of the living, — "No; but I am almost there."]

Oh! well may we say, as we pass along
Through the world of joy and sorrow,
That the land of the living, the land of song,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond;
And this is the Land of Shadows.

It may not be in our joyous youth,
When our hearts beat time to pleasure,
That our souls will wake to the solemn truth,
Or thrill to its sadder measure;
For bright are the shores of time
When our life is in its prime.

. . . . . .

Not till our eyes grow dim with years,
And we stand at the gloomy portal,
Where the soul is free from its earthly fears,
And the human becomes immortal;

Not till we hear the roar
Of the waves upon the shore
Whose throbbings tell of the infinite sea,
While angels come
From their radiant home,
To teach us the truths of eternity, —

Oh! not till then will our souls be blest,
Or rejoice in the beautiful lesson,
That the land of the living, the land of rest,
In its fadeless glory lies far beyond,
And this is the Land of Shadows!

BELLE BUSH.

Not Lost.

When for me the silent oar
  Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
  Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
  Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, like foliage sear,
  At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
  All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
  Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread I not to go
  O'er the silent river.
Death, thy hastening oar I know:
  Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters, to the shore
Where my own have gone before.

LUCY LARCOM.

For Thee descends the Spirit-Host.

Look up, O man! behold the same
Celestial throngs of old who came:
For thee descends the spirit-host;
Thine all the tongues of Pentecost.

This common earth by mortals trod
Is hallowed by the present God;
And his great heaven is all unfurled
In light and beauty o'er the world.

While others see but chance and change,
Thy soul the heavenly spheres may range,
And there discern with spirit-sense
The heart of God's great Providence.

The lowly chamber of thy rest
Shall beam with many an angel-guest,
And Nature lay her tribute sweet
Of health and beauty at thy feet.

No creed shall bind thy freeborn might,
No shadow veil the heavenly height;
But sorrow from thy soul shall cease,
And God's own presence give thee peace.

T. L. HARRIS.

"My Life's Young Joy."

My life's young joy,
The brown-cheeked farmer-boy,
Who led the daisies with him like his lambs,
Carved his sweet picture on my milking-pail,
And cut my name upon his threshing-flail,
One day stopped singing at his plow.

. . . . . .

Rough wintry weather came, and, when it sped,
The emerald wave
Swelling above my little sweetheart's grave,
With such bright, bubbly flowers was set about,
I thought he blew them out,
And so took comfort that he was not dead.

. . . . . .

God's yea and nay
Are not so far away,
I said, but I can hear them when I please;
Nor could I understand
Their doubting faith, who only touch his hand
Across the blind, bewildering centuries.

. . . . . .

I see my little lad,
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see.
Laugh, you who never had
Your dead come back; but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
That these our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do introvert upon eternity;
And that the shapes we deem
Imaginations just as clearly fall —
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light —
Upon the inward spiritual eye
As do the things which round about us lie,
Gross and material, on the external sight.

ALICE CARY.

Latent Life.

Though never shown by word or deed,
Within us lies some germ of power,
As lies unguessed within the seed
The latent flower.

And under every common sense
That doth its daily use fulfill
There lies another, more intense
And beauteous still.

This dusty house, wherein is shrined
The soul, is but the counterfeit
Of that which shall be, more refined
And exquisite.

The light which to our night belongs
Infolds a day more broad and clear:
Music but intimates the songs
We do not hear.

The fond embrace, the tender kiss
  Which love to its expression brings,
Are but the husk the chrysalis
  Wears on its wings.

The vigor falling to decay,
  Hopes, impulses, that fade and die,
Are but the layers peeled away
  From life more high.

When death shall come, and disallow
  These rough and ugly masks we wear,
I think that we shall be as now,
  Only more fair.

And He who makes his love to be
  Always around me, sure and calm,
Sees what is possible to me,
  Not what I am.

ALICE CARY.

Spirit-Longing.

For ever wakefully the ear is turning
To catch some token from the shadowy sphere;
For ever is the full heart strongly yearning
Some word of promise from its depths to hear.

And there are kindred spirits dwelling by us,
And mingling yet their loving thoughts with ours,
For ever dwelling in communion nigh us,
In virtue's way to cheer our lagging powers.

The grave is not a bourn, whose somber portal
Closeth eternal o'er the bright and fair;
But through its gate, to blessedness immortal,
The spirit passeth, endless life to share.

Still old affection hereward back is turning,
And whispering words to us of joy and peace;
And spiritual eyes are round us, burning
With holier love as heavenly powers increase.

B. P. Shillaber.

"Only Waiting."

[A very aged man in an almshouse, when asked what he was doing now, replied, "Only waiting."]

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown,
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
  Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
  Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
  And their voices, far away:
If they call me, I am waiting,
  Only waiting to obey;

Only waiting till the shadows
  Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
  Of the day's last beam is flown:
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
  Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
  Tread its pathway to the skies.

ANONYMOUS.

Eventide. — Evermore.

The moon is o'er the hills,
Full-orbed and regal, like a sacred queen!
The stars her handmaids, and a realm serene
Her gorgeous pageant fills.

Far up the solemn height,
Where is the flutter of no restless wing,
Where mighty suns in silent grandeur fling
Their glory on the night,

Where thought alone can soar,
My spirit o'er the hills of light would climb,
And list the anthem, holy and sublime,
Chanted for evermore, —

Chanted by shimmering stars,
Sung by the planets in yon untried deep,
Breathed by day's monarch as he sinks to sleep
Behind the twilight bars.

And thou, low-sobbing earth,
Robed in thy mourning for the sun's decline,
In many a cave and wildwood bower of thine
Doth music have its birth.

And thou dost join the song,
The eternal anthem of the glorious spheres,
And through all seasons, and the unnumbered years,
Its melody prolong.

From ocean's heaving deep,
Draped with dark shadows from the slumbering shore,
Hushed echoes as of voices heard no more,
And murmuring music, creep.

And through the tremulous trees,
Fruit-golden here, and honey-laden there,
Pouring fresh fragrance on the evening air,
Floats dreamily the breeze,

Lulling the soul to rest,
Making such music as the spirit hears,
When o'er the wave the Summer-Land it nears,
To be for ever blest.

MARY F. DAVIS.

Orange, N. J., August, 1860.

Inspiration in All.

LIFE of ages richly poured,
  Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
  And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
  That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
  Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Secret of the morning stars,
  Motion of the oldest hours,
Pledge through elemental wars
  Of the coming spirit's powers!

Rolling planet, flaming sun,
  Stand in nobler man complete;
Prescient laws thine errands run,
  Frame the shrine for Godhead meet.

Homeward led, the wondering eye
  Upward yearned in joy or awe,
Found the love that waited nigh,
  Guidance of thy guardian law.

In the touch of earth it thrilled;
  Down from mystic skies it burned;
Right obeyed, and passion stilled,
  Its eternal goodness earned.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
  Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
  Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
  Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
  From the sacred limits back, —

Life of ages, richly poured,
  Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
  And the people's liberty.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Afar in the Desert.

[Of this wonderful poem, by Thomas Pringle, a Scotchman who lived in South Africa, near the Cape of Good Hope, Coleridge says, "I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language."]

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears
From the fond recollections of former years,
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain like ghosts of the dead, —
Bright visions of glory, that vanished too soon;
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon;
Attachments, by fate or by falsehood reft;
Companions of early days, lost or left;
And my native land, whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time

When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view, —
All, all, now forsaken, forgotten, foregone,
And I, a lone exile remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun, —
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife, —
The proud man's frown and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh and the sufferer's tear,
And malice and meanness and falsehood and folly, —
Dispose me to musings and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh, —
Oh! then there is freedom and joy and pride
Afar in the desert alone to ride;
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught fire-lock in my hand,
The only law of the desert land.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen,
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartbeest graze,
And the kudu and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wanders at will
In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the fleeting cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively,
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,

Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parched Karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass nor herb nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink;
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree nor cloud nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye,
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round,
Spread, void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,

As I sit apart by the desert stone
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
A "still small voice" comes through the wild,
(Like a father consoling his fretful child,)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, "Man is distant; but God is near."

The Peace of Heaven.

Hail the heavenly scenes of peace,
Where the storms of passion cease!
Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
Wearied nature weeps no more.

Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers,
But the azure heavens display
Smiles of everlasting day!

Oh to think of meeting there
Friends whose graves received our tear!—
Child beloved, and wife adored,
To our widowed arms restored.

All the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever!
Hail the calm reality,
Glorious immortality!

Henry Kirke White, 1806.

I shall be with Thee.

[Mrs. Elizabeth M. Miller, daughter of Gerrit Smith, sends to a friend "a manuscript written," as she says, "by my dear friend Mrs. Booth, who died in New York several years ago, — a little poem which to me is exquisitely beautiful."]

I HEAR a footstep in the hall,
I see a shadow on the wall, —
A moving shadow dark and tall,
A voiceless shadow, — this is all.

No gentle footfall near the door
Thrills to my heart across the floor;
And I am weary thinking o'er
That music I shall hear no more, —
That tender music, soft and sweet,
The melody of coming feet.
I cry; and echo sends the call
Back to my heart, — and this is all.

I feel a soft hand on my head, —
A hand whose touch seems overspread
With balm like that the lilies shed

O'er the white bosoms of the dead;
And I am chill while memories fall
Like odors o'er me, — that is all.

I feel the rhythm and the rhyme
Of thy dear life keep sweetest time
With God's sweet sounds, and overclimb
All sounds with which they interchime.
I see thee, hear thee, feel thy breath
In the still air which answereth
With lightest kiss whene'er I call,
Mid tears for thee, — and this is all.

I can not hear thee in the hall,
Nor see thy shadow on the wall;
Yet I shall hear an angel call
My name adown the jasper wall;
For, when the leaves of autumn fall,
I shall be with thee, — this is all.

O Wondrous Land!

WHO would not go
With buoyant steps to gain that blessed portal
Which opens to the land we long to know,
Where shall be satisfied the souls immortal;
Where we shall drop the wearying and the woe
In resting so?

Ah! who would fear?
Since sometimes through the distant pearly portal,
Unclosing to some happy soul anear,
We catch a glimpse of glorious light immortal,
And strains of heavenly music faintly hear,
Breathing good cheer.

O wondrous land!
Fairer than all our spirit's fairest dreaming:
"Eye hath not seen," no heart can understand,
The things prepared, the cloudless radiance streaming.
How longingly we wait our Lord's command,
His opening hand!

Hand in Hand with Angels.

HAND in hand with angels,
Through the world we go:
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own:
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels:
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light;
Some soft hands are covered
From our mortal clasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,

How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say;
Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph
Standing near the throne.

LUCY LARCOM.

Fear Not.

O BROTHER-MAN! fear not: though hate and wrong,
And want and death, hem round thy perilous path,
Cease not to warble forth thine angel-song;
Fear not old Falsehood's wrath.

Whether we face the lions in the den,
Or sail o'er martyrdom's red, fiery seas,
Around us camp, invisible to men,
"The cloud of witnesses."

No chains can bind, no flames consume, the soul;
God's breath dissolves the avalanche of ill:
When the dark clouds of suffering round us roll,
He sends his angels still.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

With us Still.

Genius for us has wrought;
Martyrs have bravely died mid flood and fire;
And patriots gladly sought
Within our souls fresh valor to inspire.

The nations have their dead, —
Brave souls that like the stars of light do shine;
Great spirits, who have led
Benighted millions on to life divine.

And saintly forms above,
Gentle and fair, do hover o'er the earth,
And bend in holy love
O'er each sad heart that mourns departed worth.

Oh, might some heavenly hand
Draw back the shadowy curtains of the sky,
That once the glorious band
Of bright angelic souls could meet the eye!

But they are with us still
In thought and deed; yes, they are with us here,
To elevate the will,
To soothe each grief, and calm each idle fear.

At the soft sunset-hour,
When evening splendors melt along the sky,
We feel their hallowed power
To kindle faith, and raise the heart on high.

R. C. WATERSTON.

The Swift Spirit.

If lightning were the gross corporeal frame
Of some angelic essence, whose bright thoughts
As far surpassed in keen activity
The lagging action of his limbs as doth
Man's mind his clay; with like excess of speed
To animated thought of lightning flies
The spirit-body o'er life's deeps divine,
Far past the golden isles of memory.

Milton's Prayer on his Blindness.

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong.
I murmur not that I no longer see:
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme, to thee!

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

Oh! I seem to stand,
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

Is it nothing now,
When heaven is opening to my sightless eyes,
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
The earth in darkness lies?

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.
About 1856.

Leona.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've waited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison, and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain, half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land:
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits could cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,

When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away, like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow:
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain:
Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss;
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth, and behold
From headland, from hillside, and deep!
The day-king surrenders his banners of gold,
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled
Down the broad-breasted mountains away:
The sunset's red glory again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
And shall rise in a limitless way.

Oh! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod:
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom,—
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
Which bind me to you and to earth;
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn,
In the bowers of the beautiful home, to return,
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the land-breeze of heaven is beginning to play,
Life-shadows are meeting eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-by! Should the grief
That is gathering now ever be

Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief;
And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is brief,
O'er lowland and river, to me.

JAMES G. CLARK.

Personal Resurrection.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and, fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet.

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of love on earth?

TENNYSON.

The Angel of Patience.

Beside the toilsome way,
Lowly and sad, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly day by day,
Longing in vain for rest,

An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,
A look of firm endurance, true and tried,
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face,
So pure, so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
Desponds, and murmurs at its adverse fate,
Then quietly the angel's sweet lips part,
Murmuring softly, "Wait."

"Patience," she sweetly saith;
"The Father's mercies never come too late:
Gird thee with patient strength, and trusting faith,
And firm endurance. Wait."

Angel, behold, I wait,
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours;
Wait till thy hand shall ope the eternal gate,
And change the thorns to flowers.

MRS. L. C. TAYLOR.

So Nigh.

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn!
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, though they depart, return,
As if they had not died.

The living are the only dead:
The dead live, never more to die;
And often, when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh.

We shape Ourselves the Joy or Fear.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming time is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here;
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall re-appear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel-throng
Has vanished from his side?

Oh, no! We live our life again:
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain:
Man's works shall follow him.

WHITTIER.

Where are the Dead?

WHERE are the mighty ones of ages past
Who o'er the world their inspiration cast,
Whose memories stir our spirits like a blast?
Where are the dead?

Where are old empires' sinews snapped and gone?
Where is the Persian, Mede, Assyrian?
Where are the kings of Egypt, Babylon?
Where are the dead?

. . . . . .

Did they all die when did their bodies die,
Like the brute dead passing for ever by?
Then wherefore was their intellect so high, —
The mighty dead?

Why was it not confined to earthly sphere,
To earthly wants? If it must perish here,
Why did they languish for a bliss more dear,
The blessed dead?

All things in Nature are proportionate:
Is man alone in an imperfect state, —
He who doth all things rule and regulate?
Then where the dead?

If here they perished, where their beings germ,
Here were their thoughts', their hopes', their wishes' term,
Why should a giant's strength propel a worm? —
The dead, the dead!

There are no dead. The forms, indeed, did die,
That cased the ethereal beings now on high:
'Tis but the outward covering is thrown by:
This is the dead.

The spirits of the lost of whom we sing
Have perished not; they have but taken wing,
Changing an earthly for a heavenly spring:
There are the dead!

Thus is all Nature perfect: harmony
Pervades the whole by His all-wise decree,
With whom are those, to vast infinity,
We misname dead.

What shall I do in Heaven?

WHAT shall I find in heaven? The faces dear
Upon whose love and smiles I feasted here?
Shall I rejoice that naught can there divide
United hearts, and so be satisfied?

What shall I do in heaven? Shall I be blest
With a long luxury and endless rest?
Conflict and labor over, shall I ride
Through seas untroubled, and be satisfied?

What shall I be in heaven? A messenger
Passing from sainted ones to those who err,
And suffer still on earth? Mid fields so wide,
Shall I, who love to work, be satisfied?

Watching-Angels.

Wrapped in the silence of the brooding night,
The mortal, on his pillow calmly sleeping,
Sees not the band of angels, clad in light,
Around his couch their tireless vigils keeping.
Perchance his thought flies wildly high and far,
A thousand shadowy forms his sense deceiving;
But, in the woof of all his fancy there,
A golden thread that angel-band are weaving.

Perchance the slumberer feels intrusive care;
Deep in his heart some longing wish is waking:
Perchance his soul is drooping in despair,
His o'ertasked heart beneath its burden breaking.
But there the angels shed the light of love;
The dark cloud now no more is mantled o'er him:
He sees the ladder reach him from above,
And sees the angels who to heaven restore him.

Haply the slumberer in a fever-dream
Suffers unconscious, ever restless turning,

While through his veins the life-supporting stream
Courses in liquid fire, its channels burning.
Then are the viewless hands laid on his brow,
The pure life-essence in his frame distilling,
Coursing its every favored part, and now
The temple of the soul with pleasure filling.

But most the watching-angels guide the thought,
If in the mortal's heart be wrong or error:
Soon by the pure and viewless influence taught,
He sees his wrong as in a magic mirror.
He sees the end where leads his tortuous path,
Its darkness and its danger; and, awaking,
He finds within his soul a holier faith,
And turns with willing heart, his sin forsaking.

The Voice of Nature.

But coming ages will to all unfold
The wisdom that no mortal tongue hath told.
This life is but a rudimental sphere:
We barely learn our ignorance while here.
Yet hope is born with unattained desires;
And to immortal life each soul aspires.
In this important truth all tongues agree, —
That man was made for immortality.
Death kindly comes and opens wide the door,
And lights our passage to the golden shore;
Oblivion spans the gulf while on we tread
The silent pathway of the living dead.
Then let earth join with aspirations high,
Proclaim this glorious truth, — We never die!
The fields of thought that baffle modern lore
We in our march of progress will explore;
The highest aspirations of each soul
Will more than be attained as ages roll;
The stellar worlds of beauty, wide and grand,
Will be our walks of pleasure at command.

. . . . . .

Amid these rapturous scenes we'll hie to earth,
To childhood's home, — the land that gave us birth.
Our friends who yet remain will need our care
While they a little longer linger there:
We'll prove that we yet live, and love them still,
And, though unseen, kind offices fulfill.

. . . . . .

Oh, yes! we'll come the human race to cheer
Wherever earth is watered by a tear.
The mother comes to bless her infant boy,
To guard the tender bud with holy joy:
Her love, so pure on earth, is not defiled;
But with a mother's love she loves her child.
The brittle thread of life can not divide;
For angel-friends are often by your side.
Thus heaven and earth are joined in happy twain,
And in this glorious union will remain.
How wise, how great, how wonderful, the plan!
A boundless field for universal man.

WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

The Cloud of Witnesses.

"Are they not all ministering angels?"

THE earth is peopled with the dead,
Who live again in deathless hosts,
And come and go with noiseless tread, —
A universe of ghosts.

They follow after flying ships;
They flicker through the city's marts;
They hear the cry of human lips,
The beat of human hearts.

They linger not around their tombs,
But far from churchyards keep aloof,
To dwell in old familiar rooms
Beneath the household roof.

. . . . . .

Their errand is of God assigned, —
To comfort sorrow till it cease,
And in the dark and troubled mind
To light the lamp of peace.

There is a language whispered low,
  Whereby to mortal ears they speak,
To which we answer with a glow
  That kindles in the cheek.

Dim shadows fairer than the day,
  With heavenly light they wrap us round,
Wherein we walk a gilded way,
  And over holy ground.

Oh, what a wondrous life is theirs! —
  To fling away the mortal frame,
Yet keep the human loves and cares
  And yearnings still the same!

Oh, what a wondrous life is ours! —
  To dwell within this earthly range,
Yet parley with the heavenly powers, —
  Two worlds in interchange.

THEODORE TILTON, 1867.

To William E. Channing.

No power can die that ever wrought for truth;
  Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth
  When he who called it forth is but a name.

Therefore I can not think thee wholly gone;
  The better part of thee is with us still:
Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath thrown,
  And only freer wrestles with the ill.

Thou livest in the life of all good things;
  What words thou spak'st for freedom shall not die:
Thou sleepest not; for now thy love hath wings
  To soar where hence thy hope could hardly fly.

And often from that other world on this
  Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine,

To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
And clothe the right with luster more divine.

Thou art not idle: in thy higher sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks;
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Footsteps of Angels.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall, —

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door:
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more, —

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life;

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them the Being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died.

LONGFELLOW.

Haunted Houses.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
  Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide
  With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair;
  Along the passages they come and go,—
Impalpable impressions on the air,
  A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
  Invited: the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
  As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at the fireside can not see
  The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear:
He but perceives what is; while unto me
  All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands:
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusky hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

LONGFELLOW.

"Happy he whose Inward Ear."

HAPPY he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear
O'er the rabble's laughter,
And, while hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow:
After-hands shall sow the seed;
After-hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvest yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the golden morrow.

WHITTIER.

Another.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us;
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path which reaches heaven.

Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer-hours,
Amid the frosts of autumn-time
Has left us with the flowers.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere
To give to heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here.

. . . . . .

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
  Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
  Our faith in goodness strong.

WHITTIER.

Lucy Hooper.

Even as thou wast I see thee still;
And save the absence of all ill
And pain and weariness, which here
Summoned the sigh, or wrung the tear,
The same as when, two summers back,
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
And heard thy low soft voice alone
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
Of pine-leaves by the west wind blown.
There's not a charm of soul or brow,
  Of all we knew and loved in thee,
But lives in holier beauty now,
  Baptized in immortality.
Not mine the sad and freezing dream
  Of souls, that, with their earthly mould,
  Cast off the loves and joys of old,
Unbodied, like a pale moonbeam, —
  As pure, as passionless, and cold;

Nor mine the hope of Indra's son, —
  Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
Life's myriads blending into one,
  In blank annihilation blest;
Dust-atoms of the infinite,
Sparks scattered from the central light,
And winning back through mortal pain
Their old unconsciousness again.
No! I have FRIENDS in spirit-land:
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not *others*, but *themselves*, are they.
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came;
Their change the holy morn-light breaking
Upon the dream-worn sleeper waking, —
A change from twilight into day.

WHITTIER.

Better Glories.

[Read by the author at Vaucluse, R.I., over the grave of Frances, daughter of T. R. Hazard.]

THERE is a glory of the sun
When Morning breaks her golden waves;
But better glories are begun
When saints are gathered in their graves.

Here to the shadows we commit
The dearest treasure that we knew;
While the sweet soul, companion fit,
Looks out behind the ether blue.

The seal of God's accomplished will
Rests on the marble of her face:
We fear for her no painful ill,
No faith obscured, no failing grace.

In this calm spot their ashes rest
Whose angels tread the upper air:
Sweet friend, such peace infold thy breast
As crowns God's children everywhere.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

A Surprise.

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her: thy love is clay."
They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair:
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.
Over the eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch.
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips, that had secrets to tell.
About her brow and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;
And drew on her feet the white silk shoes, —
Which were the whitest no eye could choose.
And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away," they said: "God understands."
And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,
And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."
And they held their breath, as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, and beautiful dead, —
He lit his lamp, and took his key
And turned it, — alone, he and she.
He and she; yet she would not speak,
Though he kissed in the old place the quiet cheek.
He and she; but she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.
He and she: still she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.
Then he said, "Cold lips, and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language, of death,
Dumb to the ear, and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?
See, now; I will listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?
Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
Or was it the greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?
Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?
Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?
O perfect dead! O dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.
I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears on my brow shed:
I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.
You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which, of all death's, was the chiefest surprise,
The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all surprises dying must bring."
Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?
Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way? —
"The utmost wonder is this: I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear,
And am your angel who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

Mrs. Edna Hall,
Boston, Mass.

The Evergreen Mountains of Life.

[There is a rare and majestic beauty in the melody and sentiment of this poem. It seems to *move* and *sing* of itself. — BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.]

THERE's a land far away mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time;
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime:
'Tis the land of our God; 'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll;
Where the wayweary traveler reaches his goal
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land;
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gales from its gardens are fanned
When we faint in the deserts of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,

And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Oh! the Stars never tread the blue heavens at night
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the Day never smiles from his palace of light
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom;
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb
From the evergreen mountains of life.

JAMES G. CLARK.

Evermore.

I BEHELD a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting day:
While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came that way.
And the gates, for ever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore:
And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling;
And the burden of that chorus was Hope's glad word, "Evermore."

And, as I gazed and listened, came a slave all worn and weary,
His fetter-links blood-rusted, his dark brow cold and damp:

His sunken eyes gleamed wildly, telling tales of horror dreary,
Of toilsome struggles through the night amid the fever-swamp.
Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had time for thinking,
A bright angel raised the sinking wretch, and off his fetters tore.
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling, —
"Pass, O brother! through our portal; thou'rt a freeman evermore."

And, as I gazed and listened, came a mother wildly weeping, —
"I have lost my hopes for ever; one by one they went away:
My children and their father the cold grave hath in keeping:
Life is one long lamentation; I know nor night nor day!"
Then the angel, softly speaking, "Stay, sister, stay thy shrieking:
Thou shalt find those thou art seeking beyond that golden door."
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling, —

"Thy children and their father shall be with thee evermore."

And, as I gazed and listened, came a cold, blue-footed maiden,
With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes filled with lurid light,
Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden:
Her home had been the roofless street; her day had been the night.
First wept the angel sadly; then smiled the angel gladly,
And caught the maiden, madly rushing from the golden door.
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling, —
"Enter, sister, thou art pure, and thou art sinless evermore."

I saw the toiler enter to rest for aye from labor;
The weary-hearted exile there found his native land;
The beggar there could greet the king as equal and as neighbor, —
The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand:

And the gates, for ever swinging, made no grating,
no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore;
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a
mortal's telling,
While the vision faded from me with the glad
word, "Evermore."

Over the River.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side:
The gleam of their snowy robes I see;
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue:
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there;
The gates of the city we could not see.
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet:
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale, —
Darling Minnie! — I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her gentle hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark:

We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the farther side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be.
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale.
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And, lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts;
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day:
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.

I shall know the loved who have gone before;
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

MRS. NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

From the Highlands of Heaven.

SILENT and sorrowful outward I wandered,
Through the Gate Beautiful, up in the skies:
Earth all the wealth of my grief had not squandered;
Death had not banished the tears from my eyes.
Turning, and gazing adown the blue spaces
Whence I had come from my sickness and pain,
Catching the glimpses of agonized faces,
Heaven with its beauties enticed me in vain.

Up where a high headland meltingly glistened,
Looking far out o'er the fathomless sea,
Homesick and silent, I longed and I listened,
Hoping the winds would bear something to me;
Praying the sighs from the wide sea would bring me
Something to lighten the weight of my woe, —
Messages sweeter than angels could sing me,
Wavering up from my loved ones below.

Love can not die; and my mother-soul, yearning,
Leaned from the sunny heights whither it must,

All its intensity constantly turning
Back to its treasures in garments of dust.
Mournfulest tremblements crept o'er the water,
Shaping themselves to the sound of my name,
All floating up in my sad ears to loiter, —
Up from the land whence, a spirit, I came.

Tears from my eyes gemmed the fair phantom-blossoms,
Melting and dreamlike, which grew at my feet,
Such as the happy ones wear on their bosoms,
And weave round the heads of the children they greet.
Softly a prayer was breathed into my being;
Sacred with love was the sighing refrain, —
"Father, my Father, all-wise and all-seeing,
Send me the soul of my mother again!

"Open the gates where she walked into glory;
Let her come back like her dear self again,
Crownless and harpless, and hark to my story,
Full of such loneliness, doubting, and pain."
Sweeping above me in gracefulest whiteness,
Figures were cleaving the balm-laden air:
"Father, I ask not their beauty and brightness;
But I would answer the wailings of prayer.

"Delicate robings, like amethyst tinted,
Dreamiest azures, or shadowy rose,
Whereon the souls of fair blossoms are printed,—
I am not longing for any of those.
Crown-leaves would burden a brow which is aching;
Harp-notes were dissonant music to me:
May I return to the hearts which are breaking,
Mute and invisible though I may be?"

Coming more near me in soothing compassion,
Dew-on-the-lilies spake soft to my soul,
Giving me strength in the tenderest fashion,
Lulling my anguish to stillest control.
"Go!" sang my fellow-immortals; "all heaven
Knows not a labor more sacred than this;
Love's precious chain is not tarnished nor riven;
Heaven and earth link in sorrow and bliss."

EMMA TUTTLE.

"The Watchers with the Shining Hair."

When the kind Shadows dim the glaring light,
And blessed Silence, with her watchful care,
Lays her soft fingers on the lip of Night,
They come, — the watchers with the shining hair.

So leave me, gentle friend, until the day:
The hush of twilight creeps along the air;
And when your careful footsteps die away
Will come the watchers with the shining hair.

Turn down the lamplight in the mellow globes;
Dim and yet dimmer let its radiance be:
Enough of light will scatter from the robes
Of those who wait to minister to me.

The household hum has faded into peace;
The last faint footfall dies along the stair;
And they are here, the peaceful presences, —
The silent watchers with the shining hair.

How silently! — the eye alone perceives
Their wave-like motions as they come and go:
Their steps fall noiselessly as falling leaves
Upon some lake wherein the lilies grow.

I know them not who come and bless me so;
Their faces all are beautiful, but strange;
And yet I may have loved them long ago:
Why should I be the only one to change?

I know *thee*, sweet; I know those loving eyes;
I know that fair head's brown-and-golden wave;
I know, too, the true heart which darkly lies
Far from the sunshine, buried in thy grave.

How would his soul forget its bitter strife,
Could he but see thee as I see thee now, —
Fresh in the youth of the immortal life,
With bridal blooms still bright about thy brow!

Oh the sweet rest ye bring me, the release
From the close-clinging Nessus-robe of pain!
Ye calm the flying pulse, and charm to peace
The wildered fancies of the fevered brain.

Once more outside these prisoning chamber-walls
I walk where May the dreaming wood awakes,

Where through thick leaves the bashful sunlight
falls,
And the wind tells of buds and sprouting brakes.

My burning hands grow strong again and cool,
Laved in a brook amid the leafy glooms,
With the cool roots of rushes tangled full,
And choked with grass and water-loving blooms.

Faded! — and see! across my aching sight
Falls chill and cold the day's unwelcome glare;
For with the blessed shadows of the night
Depart the watchers with the shining hair.

FLORENCE PERCY (MRS. ELIZABETH A. ALLEN).
Portland Transcript (*Maine*), 1850.

The future life.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there,
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer;
And must thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last, —
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume my heart as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar, — that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name?
The same fair thoughtful brow and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this, —
The wisdom which is love, — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

W. C. BRYANT.

The Other World.

It lies about us like a cloud, —
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat;
Sweet helping hands are stirred;
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet, they glide,
  So near to press they seem,
They seem to lull us in a rest,
  And melt us in our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,
  'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
  The hour of death may be;

To close the eye, and close the ear,
  Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms, —
  To swoon to that from this;

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
  Scarce asking where we are;
To feel all evil sink away,
  All sorrow, and all care.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still;
  Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
  With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
  A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
  Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The Alpine Sheep.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory welled
Which once had quenched my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as cooling dew
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death,
Like a long twilight, haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime;
And, when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pastures green
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable by Nature breathed
Blew on me as the south wind free

O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding *our* little lamb asleep;
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me."

MARIA LOWELL.

My Child.

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study-chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes, — he is not there.

I walk my parlor-floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber-stair:
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that — he is not there.

. . . . . .

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes, — that he is not there.

. . . . . .

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress
Is but his wardrobe locked, — he is not there.

He lives! — in all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair:
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt meet me *there*."

Yes, we all live to God.
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

The Voice.

A SAINTLY voice fell on my ear
Out of the dewy atmosphere: —
"Oh, hush, dear bird of night! be mute;
Be still, O throbbing heart and lute!"
The night-bird shook the sparkling dew
Upon me as he ruffed and flew.
My heart was still almost as soon;
My lute as silent as the moon:
I hushed my heart, and held my breath,
And would have died the death of death,
To hear — but just once more to hear —
That voice within the atmosphere.

Again the voice fell on my ear
Out of the dewy atmosphere, —
The same words, but half heard at first.
I listened with a quenchless thirst,
And drank as of that heavenly balm,
The silence that succeeds a psalm.

My soul to ecstasy was stirred:
It was a voice that I had heard
A thousand blissful times before,
But deemed that I should hear no more
Till I should have a spirit's ear,
And breathe another atmosphere.

Then there was silence in my ear,
And silence in the atmosphere,
And silent moonshine on the mart,
And peace and silence in my heart.
But suddenly a dark doubt said,
"The fancy of a fevered head."
A wild, quick rapture of desire
Then wrapt me as in folds of fire:
I ran the strange words o'er and o'er,
And listened breathlessly once more;
And, lo! the third time I did hear
The same words in the atmosphere.

They fell and died upon my ear
As dew dies on the atmosphere;
And then an intense yearning thrilled
My soul, that all might be fulfilled.
"Where art thou, blessed spirit, where,
Whose voice is dew upon the air?"
I looked around me and above,
And cried aloud, "Where art thou, love?

Oh! let me see thy loving eye,
And clasp thy loving hand, or die."
Again upon the atmosphere
The selfsame words fell, "I am here."

"Here!—thou art here, love?"—"I am here!"
The echo died upon my ear.
I looked around me, everywhere;
But, oh! there was no mortal there!
The moonlight was upon the mart,
And awe and wonder in my heart:
I saw no form; I only felt
Heaven's peace upon me as I knelt,
And knew a soul beatified
Was at that moment by my side.
And there was silence in my ear,
And silence in the atmosphere.

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

Burns and Highland Mary.

[In 1863, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, then of Buffalo, now of Baltimore, was reading some writings, that purported to come from the spirit-land, to a lady, who asked if her favorite poet, Burns, ever was *en rapport* with Mrs. H. She said, not to her knowledge, and that she had little familiarity with his poems. The lady expressed a hope that he might give answer to a question in her mind which she did not reveal. A few days after, Mrs. Hyzer felt impressed to sit down and write, and then to hand the following poem, which was readily written, to her friend, who said at once, on reading it, that her mental question was answered.]

FAIR lady, that I come to you
A stranger bard, fu' well I ken;
For you've known naught of me, save through
The lays I've poured thro' Scotia's glens.

But when I speak o' gliding Ayr,
O' hawthorn shades an' fragrant ferns,
O' Doon, and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap you'll think o' Robert Burns.

I am the lad; an' why I'm here,
I heard the gude dame when she said
She'd know in joyous spirit-spheres
If Burns was wi' his Mary wed.

I sought to tell her o' my joy;
Nae muckle impress could I make:
And, lady, I have flown to see
If ye'd my message to her take.

Tell her, that, when I passed from earth,
My angel lassie, crowned wi' flowers,
Met me wi' glowin' love-lit torch,
And led me to the nuptial bowers.

That all we'd dreamed o' wedded bliss,
And more, was meted to us there;
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss
Than on the flowery banks of Ayr.

Where love's celestial fountains played,
And rosebuds burst, and seraphs sang,
And myrtle twined our couch to shade,
I clasped the love I'd mourned so lang.

And while by angel harps was played
The bowery bridal serenade,
Though no gowned priest the kirk-rite said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed.

There's na destroyin' death-frost here
To nip the hope-buds ere they bloom:
The bridal tour is through the spheres;
Eternity, the honey-moon.

And now, my lady, if ye'll bear
These words unto the anxious dame,
I think I can ye sae reward,
Ye'll ne'er be sorry that I came.

Nearer to Thee.

[This poem, from Theodore Parker, was given in a trance, at the conclusion of a lecture on "The Present Condition of Theodore Parker in Spirit-Life."]

"Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee." — *Parker's favorite hymn.*

Yes, I *am* nearer Thee; for flesh and sense
Have been exchanged for an eternal youth:
My spirit hath been born anew, and hence
I worship Thee "in spirit and in truth."

Yes, I *am* nearer Thee. Though still unseen,
Thy presence fills my life's diviner part:
Now that no earthly shadows intervene,
I feel a deeper sense of what Thou art.

Yes, I *am* nearer Thee. Thy boundless love
Fills all my being with a rich increase;
And, soft descending like a heavenly dove,
I feel the benediction of thy peace.

Yes, I *am* nearer Thee. All that I sought
Of truth or wisdom or eternal right
Is clearly present to my inmost thought
Like the uprising of a glorious light.

Yes, I *am* nearer Thee. Oh! calm and still,
And beautiful and blest beyond degree,
Is this surrender of my finite will,
Is this absorption of my soul in Thee.

"O Thou whom men call God, and know no more!"
When they shall leave the worship of the past,
And learn to *love* Thee rather than *adore*,
All souls shall draw thus near to Thee at last.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

Resurrexi.

[From Edgar A. Poe, under his influence. Given by Miss Doten at the close of her evening lecture in Boston in 1860. The second verse alludes to a previous poem purporting to come from Poe.]

FROM the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal,
Where the angel-feet make music over all the starry floor,
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine for evermore.

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal, —
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;
Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour.

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as of yore;
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

There the harpies and the ravens,
Human vampires, sordid cravens,
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore:
Life and I then seemed mismated;
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered channels pour,
Till the golden bowl, life's token,
Into shining shards was broken,
And my chained and chafing spirit leaped from out its prison-door.

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying,
"Ye who guide the Fates and Furies, give, oh! give me, I implore,
From the myriad hosts of nations,
From the countless constellations,
One pure spirit that can love me, — one that I, too, can adore."

Through this fervent aspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation:
For from out its blackened fire-crypts did my quickened spirit soar;
And my beautiful ideal,
Not too saintly to be real,
Burst more brightly on my vision than the loved and lost Lenore.

Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love upbore;
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blent *our* souls for evermore.
Earthly love and lust enslaved me:
But divinest love hath saved me;
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.

O my mortal friends and brothers!
We are each and all another's;
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more:
Would you lose your life, you find it,
And in giving love you bind it
Like an amulet of safety to your heart for evermore.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

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